THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

Tragic Story in the Life of a Western Drummer.

THE GRIP'S PECULIAR LICENSE.

It Transforms the Bearer Into a Gay Lothario—Pedro's Pertinent Query—Decline of the T. P. A.

A Drummer's Story.

One of the commercial travelers best known throughout Nebraska and all the territory as far west as the Rockies, is—well, the name does not matter particularly. It is one which has appeared periodically on the pages of one Omaha hotel register for ten years past and doubtless many of his confreres have heard his story and can supply the blank. Call him Wilson—Frank Wilson—and imagine a well developed, erect, manly figure, nearly six feet in height, a clear-cut, close-shaven face, well-trimmed "kinky," dark hair with a slight sprinkling of gray over the temples—a handsome face and figure, though not at all remarkable among the many handsome faces and figures of the army of commercial tourists, were it not that the expression of keen business alertness which he wears seems a thin semi-transparent mask, covering a haunting suggestion of—what? Sorrow, pain, despair? Something, anyway, which leaves you with the conviction that you have shaken hands with a man with a story somewhere on the scroll of his years.

You are right, Frank Wilson has a story—a tragically sad story, the memory of which like a leaden, riftless winter's cloud, perpetually veils his life's sunshine.

Just across the Canadian border north of Vermont, walled in by towering maple-clothed hills, lies a beautiful little sheet of water, probably ten miles in extent at its longest part, known as Brome lake. All about it roll the picturesque forest-covered hills of the eastern townships with portions tilled by the descendants of the Tories of the revolution, "N. E. Loyalists" as they called themselves. On the east shore nestles the quaint little village of Knowlton, where the grandsons to-day "keep the store or the tavern or the postoffice," cultivate the fields and are married and given in marriage in the puritanical looking, white-painted green-shuttered houses, just as did their grandfathers sixty years ago. Romantic wagon roads wind in and out among the hills and valleys or skirt along the pebbled beach. Here and there where the shades of the woods are deepest and the sunlight only penetrates in little golden flecks, the clear, cold water of a woodland spring tinkles into a moss grown watering trough, and over the side to the road below. The air is full of the music of birds, and the myriad odors of the forest. Twice a day, with a long drawn shriek that echoes and re-echoes from shore to shore, and from all the hills, startling into a million voiced chorus the denizens of the trees, a train comes roaring and rattling down the valley and into the village.

Over on the west are fields of waving grain, and broad stretches of daisied and buttercupped meadow, with here and there a farm house, with its orchard and barn yard. The waters of the lake are filled with bass and pickerel, and all the little streams which feed it have their brook trout.

Here one summer day about twelve years ago came a party of rollicking, roystering campers, with their guns and fishing paraphernalia, their tents and their row boats, their flannels and their panamas, and were dumped upon the platform of the little railway station. The staid old farmers just pulling in from the hay field with the last load looked, and, taught by experience, groaned in spirit as they thought of their ravished hen roosts and orchards.

Next morning the villagers saw the white gleam of a tent through the dense fohage of Eagle island, and night after night for two weeks the ruddy glow of a campfire illumined the stately beeches and maples. Every one knows what camp life is.

Never before was there such cookery, such fishing, bathing and boating, or so, at least, thought Frank Wilson, who was one of the party. To be awakened in the morning by the mad jubilee of forest birds when the eastern skies are a blaze crimson glory, to plunge into the clear, cool waters of the lake just as the sun peeps over the eastern hills, to lounge away the heat of the day with rod or gun or novel or, if the humor strikes you, in delicious, dreamy idleness; to skim along in your canoe at sunset just under the cool shades of the wooded banks, suspended seemingly between a world above and a mimic world below; to gather around the camp fire when it grows cooler and smoke and talk till one by one you drop off to sleep, and then, best of all, to lie at night in the shelter of the tent where you can look out over the moonlit lake and be lulled to sleep by the drowsy rustling of the leaves and the monotonous "swish, swish" of the waves on the beach—surely life can offer nothing better than this.

One night after the visitors had been on the island about a week there was a "hop" at the village hotel, given by some city people who were summering in quietude, and our party was invited. Among the dancers was a dainty, little, black-eyed French Canadian upon whom Frank Wilson looked once and was lost. An acquaintance soon formed ripened into "friendship" at an alarming rate.

The boy went mad. Never were there such glorious black eyes, such ripples of silken hair, such dimples, such gleaming teeth, such rosy fingers, such bewitching little feet, such angelic loveliness in the world. He thought of nothing else, dreamed of nothing else, talked of nothing else; in fact, he was hit, and hit hard. But his angel, Annette they called her, was good deal of an "Airy Fairy Lilian," and kept him in hot water, now turning his head with a little caressing purr, and again answering his passionate appeals with ripples of careless laughter.

Everyone could see the outcome of the little comedy, however. Wilson had evidently met his fate, and the little Canadienne's laughing eyes wore sometimes a look of wistful tenderness which others saw, if Frank did not. Visits between the party at the hotel and the party on the island became of frequent occurrence, and one glorious night, when the whole party took to the boats, it happened in some mysterious way, as such things always do, that the young lovers had a canoe between them.

Such a night as that was! The lake was a sheet of glistening silver. The little tents and painted farm houses stood out against the dark foliage with ghostly clearness. Distant voices floated across the water and mingled with the musical lapping of the waves against the boats. Occasionally a snatch of song or a musical peal of laughter would be answered by the tremulous hoot of an owl which the echoes took up and tossed back and forth till the world seemed to be filled with the cries of a hundred hooting demons. Such a night breeds love, and whether or not it was the moonlight or Frank's persuasive tongue, certain it is that there was a softened light in the Canadienne's dark eyes and Frank's face was radiant with triumph when the island was again reached.

"Thank the Lord, that's settled," fervently ejaculated an unsentimental member of the party as he grasped the situation, and everybody joined in the laugh, which brought the blushes to Annette's pretty cheek.

All that night Frank heard wonderful voices in the rustling of the leaves, and the little waves that ran tumbling over each other along the beach kept whispering to the winds the old, old song of love, love, love.

They were all coming over for a day on the island the next morning and while the others lounged about the tent Frank took his rifle and began firing at a blazed spot on a sapling toward the interior of the island. In a short time the village party arrived. They had came round unobserved on the south side of the island and stealing up upon the little camp, burst through the undergrowth, in a cloud of white dresses and laughing faces. Presently some one noticing Wilson's wandering eyes inquired "Where is Annette!"

"She left us a little back here and ran around the other way," answered one.

With a bound Frank was away through the thicket and the whole laughing troop scattered after him in pursuit of the truant.

Then a terrible stillness came gradually over the wood. One by one the laughing voices ceased and with a strange fear creeping over each heart they gravitated to a little hollow back of the camp. The rustle of the leaves was a shiver and the very birds seemed to hush their songs in dread.

With trembling hands and paling cheeks they pushed back the leaves and peered into the clearing.

What was it?

There bending forward, with one hand grasping a sapling and one clutching at his throat, stood Frank Wilson, his cheek blanched with horror and his starting eyes fascinated by something hidden in the tall ferns which carpeted the glen.

Annette was found. There she lay in the ferns, with her glorious eyes, glazed in death, gazing blankly up into her lover's face, and over the creamy lace of the dress she wore streamed the red blood from the cruel wound of a bullet from his own rifle.

Why Is It So?

CENTRAL CITY, Neb., Oct. 26.—Having promised to write THE BEE a letter the first time the "spirit moved me," I take this opportunity while the rest of the boys are playing "high five," to talk to you a little about one of the peculiar characteristics of a traveling man, and ask you why it is.

Be he married or single, it is the same thing, only they say married men are worse than single. But to the characteristic. Hotels throughout the state employ girls and young ladies to wait on the tables, and good looks are perhaps the greatest recommendation a girl can have to entitle her to a position as waitress in a first class house. Other qualifications, of course, are duly considered, but certainly a good looking girl stands the best chance. The result is we find in almost every hotel on the road a bevy of pretty and coquettish domestics, with whom the festive drummer is ever on the alert to make acquaintance, and if he succeeds, the honor bestowed makes him a hero among his fellows, and the self-consciousness of his own superiority in this line shows itself in every feature, in every movement. When he condescends during meal time to engage in conversation with his own sex, it is with a patronizing air, as much as to say, "Don't bother me now; I will attend to you after dinner."

As I said before, married men court the smiles and friendly recognitions of dining room girls as much, if not more, than the unmarried. These very men of both classes referred to are perhaps rigidly correct in their deportment at home, and would rather go to jail than have their wives or sweethearts know they ever bestowed a smile upon any other than the one they had sworn to love always and only, but the grip and sample case seem to give license to an innocent flirtation. Now, I am a married man, and I give warning to all you "fellers" on the road that if you ever meet my wife you had better keep your mouth shut, for she will not believe a word you say.

I have explained fully to her that traveling men are mutually obligated never to tell the truth, except when selling goods, and then if they are caught deviating a hair's breadth they are liable to be shut out of every game of draw for the next six hours. What I want to know is, why is the practice of flirting in the dining room so universally characteristic of traveling men? PEDRO.

The T. P. A. Declining.

Dawson Meyer, an old time and well known knight of the grip, is sojourning temporarily in Omaha. Having retired from the road, he thinks seriously of locating here, though has doubts about his ability to settle down and appreciate private life. Nineteen years' experience as a commercial embassador so firmly establishes one's habits and inclination that he finds it a hard matter to adapt himself to any other channel. In a pleasant chat with Mr. Meyer at the Millard last evening he spoke of having been a regular visitor to this city since it was a mud hole and was instrumental, as vice president of the National Traveling Men's Protective association, in organizing the Nebraska division.

"I understand, however," said Mr. Mayer, "that it is not intact now. The fact is," he continued, "we have gone backward ever since the inter-state commerce law, which so seriously effected the chief aims and objects of the association, went into effect. From a membership of 23,000, our number has dropped down to less than eight thousand. Nothing else did it. We were banded together principally for the purpose of getting better rates on excess baggage from the railroads, as well as cheaper hotel accommodations, than the general public, but the inter-state commerce law checked the first and most important feature so completely that our organization virtually lost all its support. The state auxiliaries and city clubs went to pieces and 16,000 members said by their action that they had no further interest in the T. P. A.

"But we have been reviving matters recently, and I believe that in less than two years the association will be stronger than it ever was before. If the traveling men would form a compact, similar to that maintained by trades unions, I am satisfied they could accomplish much good. Last June the association appointed a general manager, something it never had before, whose business it is to visit wholesale merchants everywhere, explain to them the advantages of the Travelers Protective association, and induce their salesmen to join. I understand he is meeting with great success. D. K. Kling, chairman of the railroad committee, is also doing an immense amount of good."

How to Get The Bee.

Traveling men say they have great difficulty very often to get copies of THE BEE from train boys. It is not because these youthful merchants have no BEES to sell, but because they first attempt to force other papers upon people who call for THE BEE and want no other. Henry Haworth, a well known representative, while near Fremont and five or six besides him who travel from that town, have said that they frequently experience opposition of this kind from the news boys. "On nearly all the roads and every train in Nebraska," says Mr. Haworth, "when we ask for THE OMAHA BEE, the boys tell us at first that they are out of THE BEE, then try to palm off copies of the World-Herald, which we don't want and won't buy. By making a vigorous kick and threatening them, however, these boys generally manage to find a BEE on the train, therefore those who are acquainted with their little game and insist on getting THE BEE always get it. But we all very much dislike that sort of thing. No man cares to row with newsboys, and especially on a railroad train, in the presence probably of a carload of people. For this reason strangers are imposed upon."

Mr. E. M. Hulse, of the mattress company, who was in the city, says that nine out of ten times he finds it impossible to get a BEE when he asks for it. The boys insist always on selling him the World-Herald.

"I notice they always have plenty of copies of that sheet, but invariably complain of having sold out all their BEES, though a kick generally finds one."

A Tourist's Mishap.

D. W. Day, the enterprising and successful young man who represents Mayor Broatch's hardware house in southern Nebraska, met with an accident at Crete last Saturday which incapacitated him for work, temporarily at least, though just how severe his injuries are has not yet been ascertained. It seems that he had intended to board a west-bound passenger train, having just arrived at Crete station on a freight from the south, and while hurrying from one to the other fell into a coal hole near the turn table. He was carried to the Metropolitan hotel and made as comfortable as possible.

Suicided.

A report from Burlington, Ia., says that Fred Jarger took his life Saturday afternoon by hanging himself. Detailed particulars of the sad affair could not be obtained, but rumor has it that he was short in his accounts and rather than face the consequences sure to follow an exposure, preferred to end his troubles in the surest, quickest way. Deceased was well known here as the representative of Blaul & Sons, wholesale grocers, and was popular among the traveling men of the west. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn him.

Sorry He was a Bachelor.

It was on the Northwestern train, one Saturday night about 10 p. m.

The passengers had dropped out at the stations along the line until only a few were left in the car. An old gentleman taking a nap in the end of the coach, a young lady who looked like a schoolmarm, one or two commonplace passengers, a stout, good natured looking drummer, reading by the dim light of the car lamp, and a family, or rather part of a family, consisting of a mother and her two children, two little girls, the elder about seven years old, and the younger, little Maud, aged three.

From the conversation that passed between the mother and children I learned that they had been to Iowa spending the summer and were just returning to their home in Nebraska.

Maud was a most bright and intelligent little girl and kept the passengers smiling during the early part of the evening with her bright sallies, which seemed inexhaustable.

She had settled down at last to something like quietude, when the train pulled into a small station, and a tall, sun-browned man got aboard leading a bright-eyed boy.

As he entered at the rear door of the coach, Maud espied him, and gave a shriek of delight, causing every passenger in the car to look around. "My papa! my papa!" And sure enough it was her papa. He had gone down the road in a freight train to meet them a few tations from home and bring them back with him.

The little boy went straight to his mother, giving her a hearty hug and kiss, and then sat down beside her to give her a glowing account of all that had transpired during her absence.

Maud at once monopolized her father, giving him scarcely time to nod to the others. She kissed him over and over again, giving little shrieks of delight, interlarded with "I love you, papa!" "I love you, papa!" all the while holding her baby arms tightly around his neck. All the little tricks that a baby could be taught she knew, and now was oblivious to everything but showing them off for the amusement of her papa.

She balanced herself first on one foot and then on the other, throwing her head to one side in the most coquettish manner imaginable, all the while talking and laughing gleefully. She tried her little lace bonnet on her papa and put his large hat on herself, peeping out from beneath the brim in a regular "hide-and-go-seek" fashion. Then she played "wild Indian" with him, making clutches at him and shrieking "Wild Indian catch you, papa! Wild Indian catch you!"

Her merriment rose higher and higher. Every passenger was sitting bolt upright now. The old gentleman in the corner was wide awake, the schoolmarm had taken a seat facing the happy family, and the drummer beamed with delight. The news agent came into the car, set his basket of fruit down and showed his appreciation by grinning broadly.

The mild little mother looked on smilingly, and the little brother and sister laughed to see the baby sister so gay. Finally the elder of the little girls, grown tired of waiting, crawled up on her papa's knee, clung to one of his arms, and received a kiss of greeting, and her papa found breath to ask his wife how she had been, and to observe that she looked tired.

Then the train drew up to a small station, and Maud, her papa, and the rest of the family gathered up their luggage and started out.

The stout drummer drew a long breath and said in an undertone, as he picked up his grip, "Well, if I haven't gone by my station; that's a pretty good one on me. I suppose I'll have to Sunday in this sleepy town. It won't do to let this get out, though—but I'll be d—d if seeing such a happy family as that don't make a fellow sorry he's a bachelor."

Two Cases of Meanness.

HASTINGS, Neb., Oct. 27.—To the Editor of THE BEE—A party of traveling men were talking of some of the very close fisted men we have to deal with sometimes, and the conversation drifted to stingy people in general, which reminds me of two of the latter class who attended a very recherche hop given at the Bostwick, Hastings, a short time ago. After the party had danced enough to get hungry, they repaired to the cafe, where an elegant oyster supper, including other courses, was in readiness for the good appetites. On leaving the cafe they were charged the exhorbitant (?) price of $1 per couple, whereupon one man declared it to be an outrageous price and kicked so hard, in the presence of his lady, too, that the proprietor gave him back the dollar and he put it in his pocket without a word. In the other case the man was owner of several blocks in the city. He tossed down 50 cents with the remark, "That is all you will get," and he and his lady walked out.

The Sunday Guests.

At the Millard—C. M. Baker, George H. Leuth, D. M. Fitzgerald, H. R. Royston, Chicago; A. B. Verindgen, A. E. Long, New York; Henry Hilbronner, Philadelphia; William W. Booth, Altoona, Pa.; W. S. Crawford, Sioux City; G. C. Goodon, New Haven; Steve Smith, Chicago; J. Simon, Des Moines; John L. Amory, Minneapolis; H. Caldwell, Chicago; John Keennan, St. Louis; H. S. Tompkins, Rochester, N. Y.; S. Voorsanger, Chicago; D. Dreyfus, W. F. Deitrich, St. Louis; P. A. Gerberich, Chicago; C. C. Case, Cleveland; W. W. Tompkins, New York; Henry Pallbery, New York; J. H. McGraw, New York; A. H. Toellner, St. Louis; J. H. Sewall, Chicago.

At the Paxton—H. C. Edmiston, New York; Thomas A. Crees, Philadelphia; Henry Wolff, New York; Fred Green, New York; A. M. Atwell, Chicago; M. Hermann, Cincinnati; George S. Sering, New York; S. B. Buck, St. Louis; H. Burke, New York; W. Pringle, jr., New York; R. F. Ralston, Rock Island; John Ronaldson, St. Louis; E. P. Briggs, Philadelphia; William Warder, Omaha; E. F. Breesee, Syracuse; M. H. Beard, New York; W. J. Blair, Cincinnati; James J. Wolf, Boston; R. R. Disborough, New York; A. Monheimer, New York; Sam Isaacs, Chicago; W. P. Carroll, Chicago.

At the Barker—A. E. Overman, J. H. Granger, Omaha; H. T. Sherman, Chicago; E. C. Campbell, St. Louis; J. W. Midgley, St. Joe; N. R. Brown, Norfolk; George S. Hammond, A. J. McDonough, Chicago.

At the Windsor—J. H. Traynor, Milwaukee; A. B. Treadwell, Custer, Mich.; J. H. Morris, Urbana, Ill.; C. W. Rettig, J. M. Cheney, A. J. McDonald, Chicago; W. A. Stratton, Omaha; John Heinen, St. Louis; W. G. Pennington, Franklin, Pa.; W. J. Briggs, Chicago; J. S. Ullman, New York; William H. Paul, B. W. Thorteil, Chicago; Philip Jacobs, S. T. Spibey, Kansas City; F. C. Wood, Omaha; A. Holzmark, Gothenburg; G. Werschetz, Chicago; Richard Carter, St. Paul; B. L. Moll, Philadelphia; W. W. Green, Philadelphia; W. S. Strong, Salem, O.; G. H. Aitken, Grand Forks; C. A. Gardner, Topeka; C. S. Hutchins, Omaha; R. A. Wallace, Chicago; H. D. Bassett, St. Joe; Ed G. Rust, Grand Island; D. M. Gould, Springville; H. M. Daune, Burlington; G. B. Scropps, Omaha.

Sample Case Notes.

A. W. Courson, the well known buggy man, spent a few days in Omaha last week. "Tony," as he is called by his intimates, always receives a cordial welcome.

George Rudio started out on the road again the first of the week to work his "soap game."

A local photographer exhibits a magnificent view of the traveling men who took part in the Merchants' day parade as they appeared on the court house hill. The picture is beautifully finished, every member of the group being easily distinguished. It is an artistic and valuable souvenir of the occasion.

It is reported that the genial, wholesouled traveling salesmen, S. V. B. Holloway, has resigned his position with the Omaha Rubber company, and will probably accept a more remunerative one with a large eastern house.

ONE OF A HUNDRED.

A Commercial Traveler Who Fought For a Copy of The Bee.

VALENTINE, Neb., Oct. 24.—To the Editor of THE BEE: I notice in THE BEE a statement that newsboys and others had been suppressing THE BEE sales along the Union Pacific railroad lines. This calls to my mind that the same trick has been played along the Elkhorn railroad.

I was traveling salesman for an Omaha house last May, and going from Omaha to the end of the line at White Wood, and on the main line to Casper, THE BEE was not shown or offered at all, and when I would ask for a BEE the answer would be "All gone." But after the newsboy (or newsmen some were) had passed all through the train with the Herald or World, he would go back and return to me with one copy of THE BEE only.

Other times they would refuse and say they had none at all, but by a little cursing and getting on my ear for a BEE, it would finally come out. I call to memory one of these men, but I do not know his name. His run was from Omaha to Long Pine, and he had only one arm. But whether he was on the road in May or June last, I do not remember. But he played this same trick at that time or before when he was news agent, for it was he who got the cursing and I guess he got stung with THE BEE.

I spoke of it several times to other salesmen and I concluded that there was a conspiracy to suppress THE BEE. But I knew in my own mind that the fighting editor of THE BEE would find it out soon. Yours,

KRONIC KICKER.

P. S.—No need of placing my name to the above, but will make affidavit to same if wanted.

Uncle Jerry in Paris.

The excellence of our agricultural exhibit in Paris goes far toward redeeming the inferiority of the American section. As a whole, Uncle Jerry will have a larger proportion of gold and silver medals than any other agricultural exhibition at the exposition.

Uncle Sam's Indian Wards.

The total Indian population is less than 250,000. Of these 21,232 live in houses, and 9,612 families are engaged in agriculture. And among these so-called savages there are 28,663 church members.

There has not been a death from diphtheria in Council Bluffs or Omaha where Dr. Thos. Jefferis' remedy has been used in due season. 25 years' trial proves it infallible as a preventive and cure.

DID SARAH SINGE THE CAT?

The French Tragedienne Denies That Roast Feline Story.

SHE DEARLY LOVES HER PETS

And Frequently Tells Her Cats and Dogs Things She Would Not Impart to Any Human Being.

Bernhardt is Indignant.

A Paris correspondent of the New York World visited the tragedienne in her dressing room in the Porte St. Martin theater the other day and interviewed her about the story that she roasted one of her pet cats to death in a fit of rage. The correspondent says:

I found her in company of the jeun premier of the Tosca troupe, whose temples were still running with the gore of Scarpia's torments. Sarah, for a widow of so recent creation, was looking remarkably lively and younger than ever.

I said: "It's about this cat story."

She said: "It's the most ridiculous nonsense that was ever invented."

"Is there no truth in it whatever? Perhaps you singed a rug or something—a catskin, one of those things you use in France against rheumatism or something of the sort."

"Faugh! Just think of the horrible smell that would have made. No, there is no truth in it at all. I can't imagine who gets up these stories against me. This is not the first time I have been accused of ill-treating animals. About four years ago there was put into circulation a story that I had baked a favorite spaniel of mine (the dearest little dog you ever saw) in the oven."

"Who are these ladies who accuse you?"

"Oh, I think they must be (what do you call them?) hallelujah lasses, isn't it; people belonging to the Salvation army."

"There is a story that you have instructed the solicitors to prosecute the inventors of this accusation?"

"Oh, no; I hear the story has been withdrawn. All I have done was to write to London to give it my most emphatic denial."

"I suppose you look at it all as a very good joke?"

"Oh, not at all. I think it a most serious matter and I am most upset about it. I know that for Mrs. Took, the presidentess of the Humane society, to have taken it up there must have been a strong feeling on the subject. The resolution passed by the Missouri ladies inviting the women of America to receive me with coldness on my visit to the states, would be, if it were generally adopted, the most disastrous thing that could happen to me both socially and as an artist.

"In America the women are the absolute mistresses of everything. (Les femmes en Amerique ment tout). The man does not exist in matters of this sort. You have no idea," she continued, turning to a lady sitting in her dressing room, "of the importance of the role played in America by the women. It is as if the men, having no time to attend to matters of sentiment, relegate them into the hands of their wives and sisters. But I cannot think that this resolution will have any effect, because it is not only completely unjust, but is so obviously absurd. I can quite understand that if the Americans believe me to be guilty of this wickedness, this piece of cold-blooded cruelty, they should be disgusted, because there is perhaps no country in the world where animals are better treated than in the states. You should see how fat the horses are out there. I have often thought as I have been traveling through America and have seen their splendid cattle, of the poor, miserable horses of Paris, which you know the Parisians themselves call 'The Woman's Paradise, the Horse's Hell.' So I am most anxious to have that story denied. I assure you again and again that there is not a word of truth in it."

"You have the reputation of being very fond of animals?"

"Fond? But I adore them. Yes, that is not exaggeration. I adore them. I have loved them all my life. A pet animal is such a good friend to have. It is faithful; it is fond of you; it wants nothing from you but a little kindness, and it does not worry you as men do with interminable compliments and idiocies. Why, I look forward to the time when I shall be too old to play, and shall have ever so many animals about me. I think that will be the happiest time of my life. Did you never hear how angry I was with Pasteur and the quarrel we had? I called him an old barbarian. I never can be without animals. I don't think I could live without them. People thought that I kept those tiger-cats to get myself talked about. And that is what the papers said.

"It was nothing of the sort. It is because I have a real affection for them, and more than an affection—a most sincere admiration. The tiger-cat is the most graceful thing. We women who think ourselves the most graceful things on God's earth, we can't compare with it. Then there is my leopard, the dearest of friends. Do you know that I feel that they understand every word I say to them? I have thought this all my life, that animals understand all we say to them, but despise us and all our base intrigues too much to trouble to answer us; that is, to trouble to learn our language to answer us with.

"I dare say that that is all nonsense, but it is my impression. I know that often when my nerves are unstrung and it would drive me mad to have to talk to Peter or Paul (you know you have seen me in that state) I have the greatest pleasure in going and talking for hours together to my cats or to my dogs or to my birds. I often tell them things that would never tell to any human being, and I am sure they sympathize with me.

"Thus when I heard about this story of my ill-treating that cat, I had all my animals brought into my studio, where my bird cage is, and I told what was being said about me over there, and I am sure they nearly all died of laughing. The birds were terribly noisy all that evening, doubtless passing counter resolutions. Ask Mme. Guerard, my housekeeper, if I am a woman who would torture an animal. She will tell you that before I eat I see that the pets are cared for, that I often feed them myself when I am not too tired out with work and worry, but that always they are my first care."

"You still have as many birds as you used to have?"

"More than ever. I have now 112 pet birds, and I know and love every one of them. Yes, 112 birds; and so if my reputation of baking my pets in ovens be true you need never be frightened of my dying of hunger. I have there the wherewithal to feed myself for a long time. One bird a day. Why, they would last me nearly half a year. And as they are of many different kinds I could vary my menu pretty often. But, to be serious, please tell the women of America that a cruel injustice has been done me, and that it has pained me much. I think I know them well enough to say that they will not let me suffer long."

Next a Tudor Exhibition.

The successful Stuart Exhibition held in London in the early part of the year is to be followed by a Tudor Exhibition.